

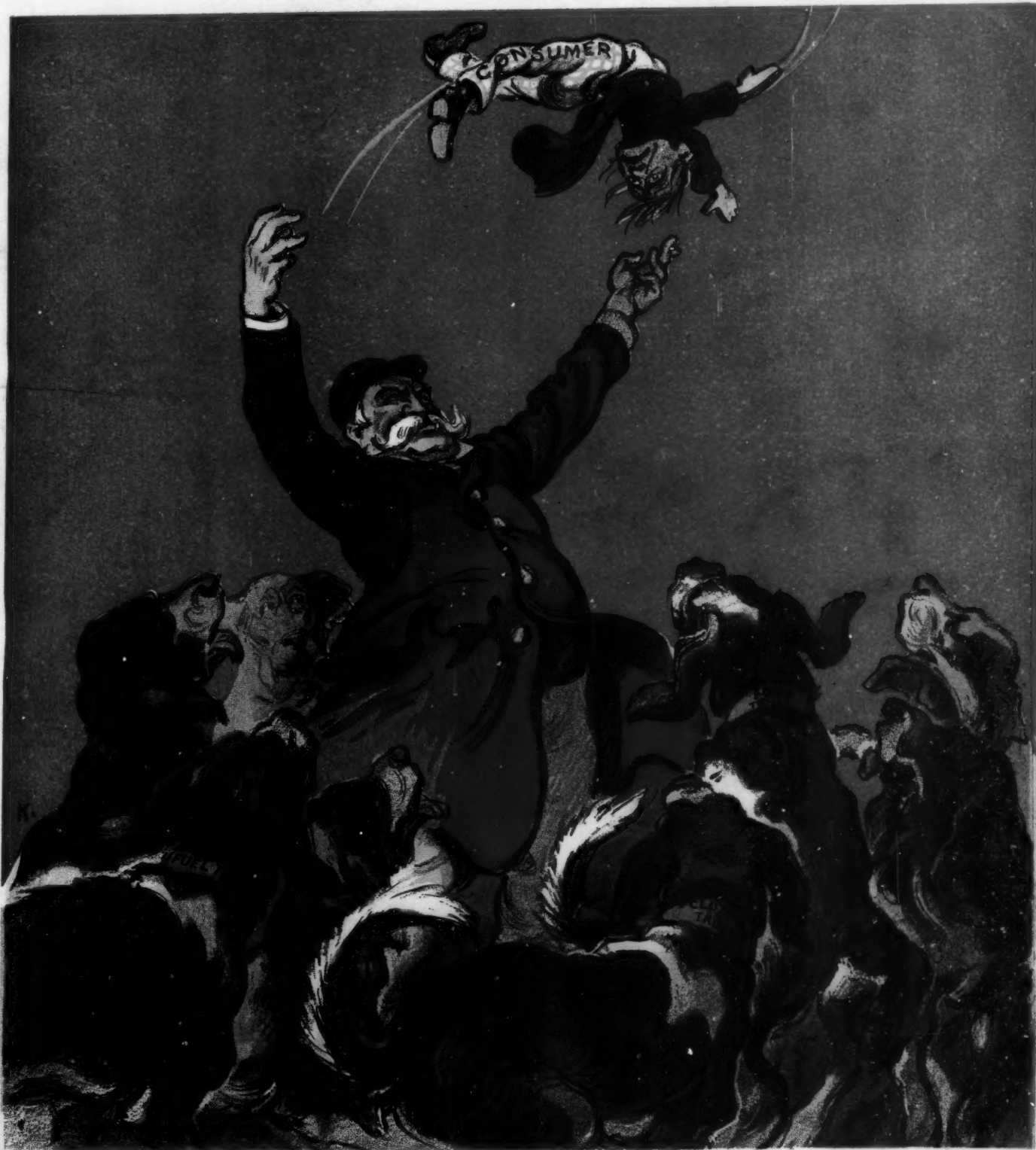
BOWDICH COLLEGE LIBRARY
JUL 20 1909
BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

VOL. LXV. No. 1690. PUCK BUILDING, New York, July 21st, 1909. PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

Copyright 1909 by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.



AFTER THE HUNT.
THROWING THE CARCASE TO THE PACK.



Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.
J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.
955-959 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1690. WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1909
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. - \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

ARE YOU glad or sorry that you dwell in enlightened America? If ever you are in doubt about it, remember that an American nowadays may number among his many boons and privileges the maximum and minimum tariff idea, and be glad. A maximum and minimum tariff, as construed by that most conservative of legislative bodies, the United States Senate, means a tariff in which 25 per cent. additional duty may be levied on every product of a country which discriminates against Uncle Sam. The minimum tariff is a high tariff, almost prohibitive in some schedules, and by means of it the American consumer or housekeeper is forced to pay an exorbitant tribute to home monopoly for everything he eats, wears, or puts in his house, but that is a small matter. If Monopoly can persuade our Government that the rest of the world commercially is discriminating against the always generous and open-handed United States, then an additional tax of 25 per cent. all along the tariff line may be levied on the prosperous American consumer in order that the rash and ill-natured foreigner may be fittingly punished. If Russia, or China, or Patagonia, for instance, should incur the displeasure of the American Trusts, then

we ordinary mortals in America would have to pay the Trusts at least 25 per cent. more for all the things which Russia, or China, or Patagonia might send here for sale, but don't. It is a splendid system of discipline, and it makes a mere American peasant chuckle with merriment when he thinks what a ripping good joke it is on the foreigner. It is like this: If the grocer you have been trading with will no longer sell you butter for 36 cents a pound, you get splendidly even with him by taking your trade away and buying of a grocer on the next block who will charge you 45 cents a pound.

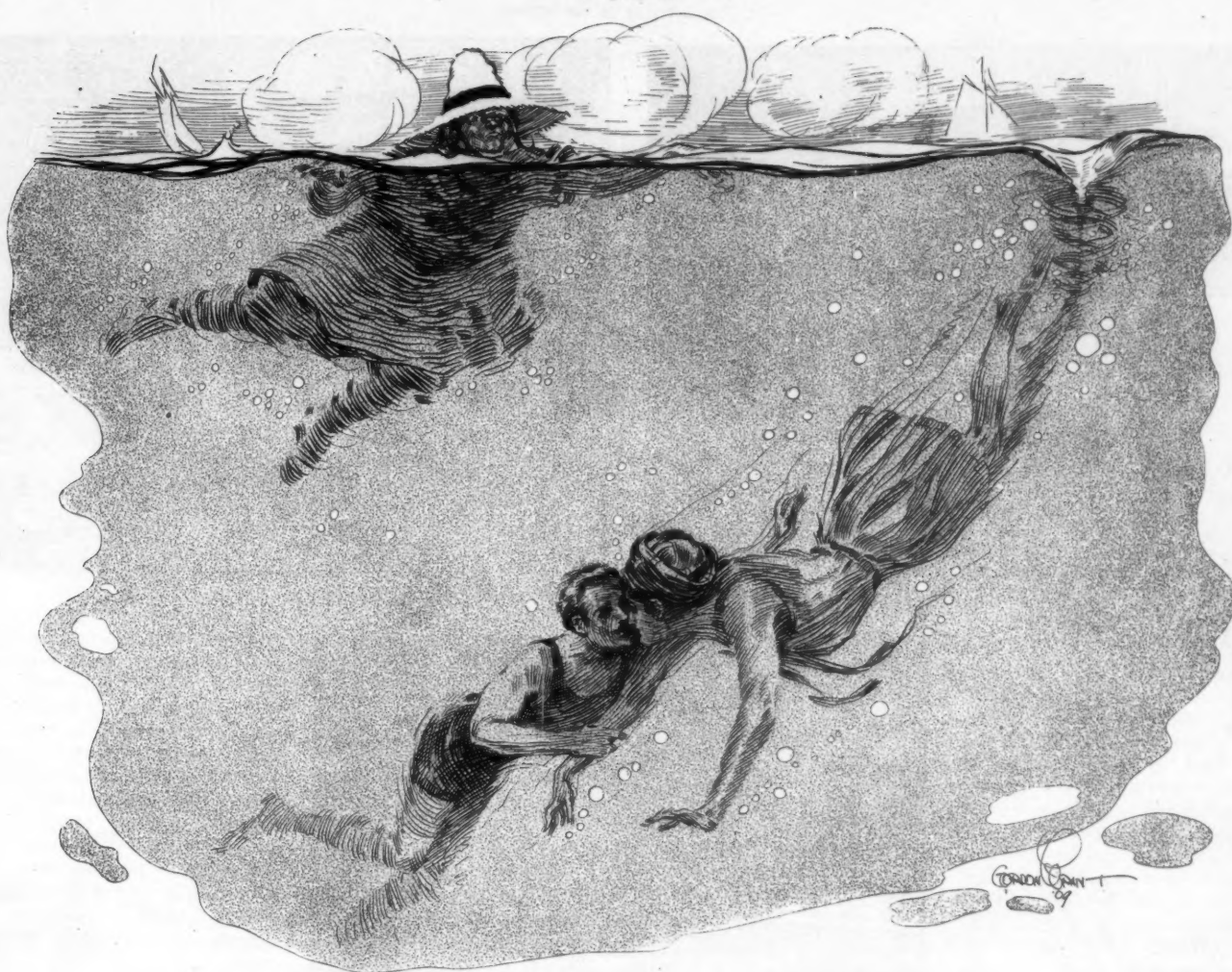
SIX MONTHS ago we clipped this chirp from the esteemed *Sun*:

"Senator Knox ought to be congratulated upon the prospect of having such a sane and well-poised President as a Chief."

Commenting on it, we said that a year thence we would remind the esteemed *Sun* of the above paragraph. We now remind it at the end of six months. "Sane and well-poised"—the prime mover for a corporation tax. What a sad judge of Presidents is our Park Row friend!



A GOOD JOKE.



OLD-FASHIONED APPARATUS AND MODERN DIVING-BELLE.

FINDING AND LOSING.

In the newspaper, my children, are eleven advertisements of something lost, as against one lonely advertisement of something found. What does it signify? That finding is a dozen times rarer than losing, to be sure. Certainly, after two thousand years of the Sermon on the Mount, it is n't possible that people who find are so much less anxious to rush into print than are people who lose.



MAD DOG!!

GIVE US A REST.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, if you please,
Back to discussions about the Chinese;
Editors, dish up some news, as of yore,
About our defenses, or any old bore.

Let up on Roosevelt's African trip,
Give us a murder, or stock-market tip,
Call off reporters who trail him
with zest,
Give us a rest, won't you?
Give us a rest!

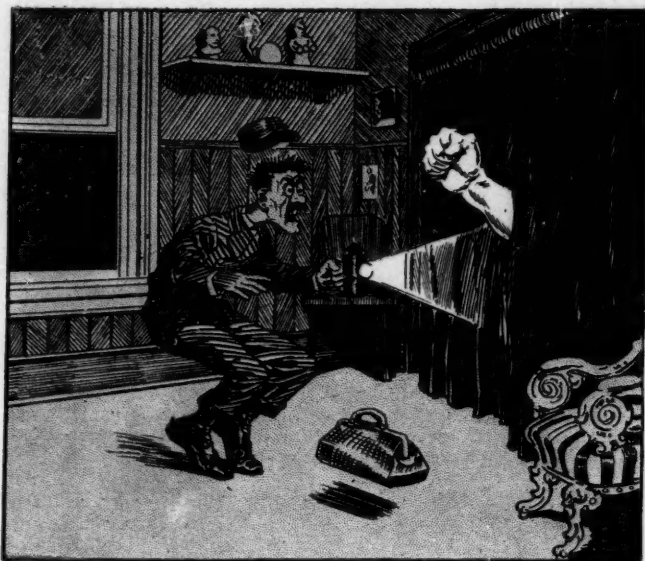
Backward, flow backward,
O Time, just a while,
I am so weary of eye-glass
and smile;
Weary of perky accounts
of his trip,
Photos of Kermit, and views of
the ship,
Cabled dispatches of just what he ate,
Detailed accounts of receptions of state.
Grant me, I prithee, surcease of the quest,
For I *must* have a rest, mister, *must* have a rest!

I have been bored long enough by the hunt,
Snapshots of Ted in some corking new stunt,
Beasts of all ages, conditions, and sex
Patiently waiting to cash in their checks;
Lions, and hippos, and elephants vast
Caught by the camera breathing their last,
Views of Mombasi, and natives half dressed,—
Give us a rest, hang it! Give us a rest!!

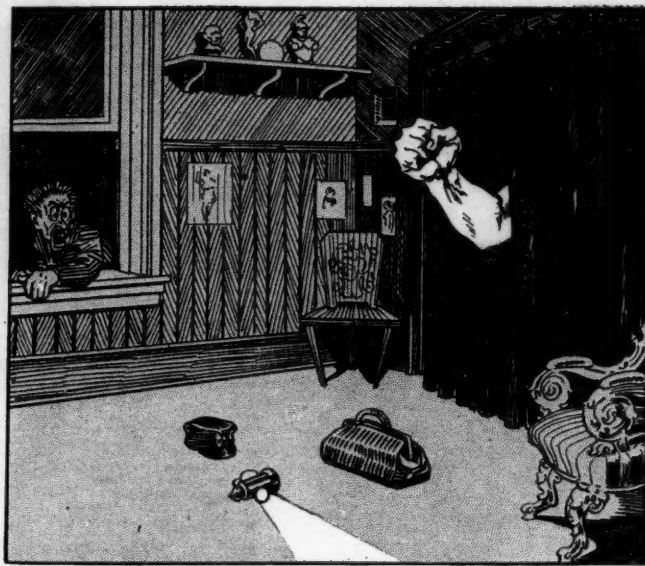
L. Case Russell.

Some of the most effective uplift movements in history began with raising
the devil, and who, after all, needs raising more?

A STRONG CAST;
OR, THE BURGLAR IN THE STUDIO.



HE COMES.



HE GOES.

AUTOS AND ISTS.

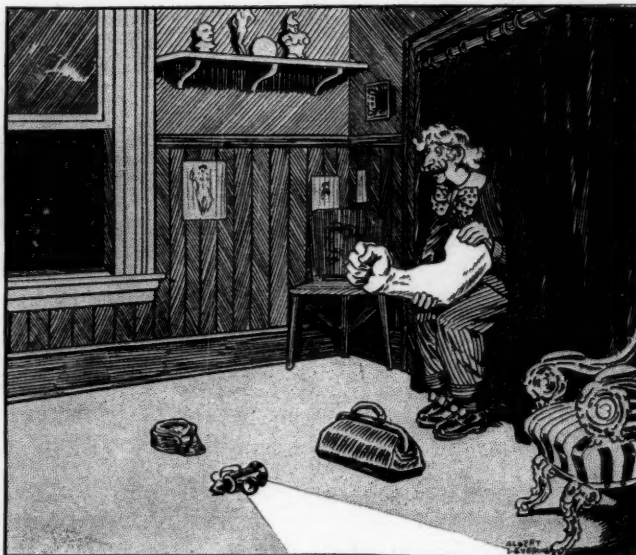
AN AUTOMOBILE is a modern device for burning gasoline and money. Sometimes they "burn up" the road, too, and what to do with "scorchers" is a burning question. The "scorchers" doubtless think they are having a "hot time," and pedestrians also think they will have a hot time—in the hereafter. So it looks like one long, continuous "joy ride."

But about autos. "To buy, or not to buy?—that is the question." Whether 'tis nobler to suffer the outrageous condescension of your auto-owning neighbors, or spend your modest pile for a forty-horse-power go-devil and show 'em the way? Shall you please your pride or risk your reputation? If you buy an auto, you will save time; if you don't buy one you will save money. Now, if time is money—what's the answer?

And what car to buy?—that's a worse puzzle. They say a touring-car auto run about sixty miles an hour if—but never mind! They all go fast enough—when they go at all. It's when they won't go that your trouble begins. Sometimes it takes "push" to make a car go, but it is easier if you have a "pull." In any case keep coming. Take for your motto: No wheel-tracks backward—for if you try to back up the car may "get its back up" and back you off the precipice. That would be a bad back-down, so face about your runabout and pull for the shore.

Motoring is a great game, despite its disadvantages. It is easier than lawn-tennis and more moral than golf. In playing tennis you must run and jump; in motoring, you make other people run and jump. To be a good golfer you must know how to cuss; in motoring, the pedestrians and horse-drivers do the cussing—which saves your energy and standing as a church member.

And the game is easy to score. If you run over a chicken, that is a foul and doesn't count. If you run over a dog, that counts two. If you



"HE'S GONE!"

run over a cow, that counts four—for the cow. If you run over thirty miles an hour, you can count on twenty-five dollars and costs. You are sure to run over something—if only a pedestrian; but while you can hit nearly every pedestrian, you can't make a hit with any of them. That seems strange, too, for an autoist ought to be popular. He makes his mark everywhere he goes, rubs up against all classes of people, and gives many of them a boost—but nobody loves him. It's a sad, selfish world—every man for himself, and the motorist takes the hindmost.

W. B. Kerr.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

MR. PHAN (roaring from the top of the stairs.)—Mildred! What is that young man doing down there so late?

MILDRED (sweetly).—He's just doping out how the teams will finish for the pennant.

MR. PHAN (mollified).—All right. Tell him to take his time, not overlooking past performances and the possibility of a slump, and when he gets done he can compare with my list behind the clock on the book-case.

DIAGNOSED.

PROSPECTIVE FARE.—What! Two dollars! Whom do you take me for, a stranger in New York?

CABBY.—No, sir; I took you for a New Yorker.

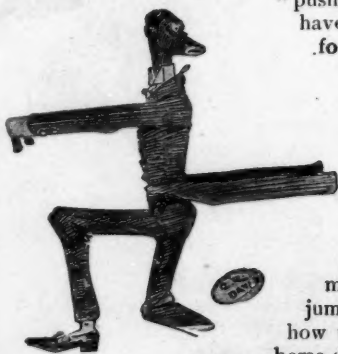
AGREEABLE.

PALMIST.—Shall I tell your fortune, sir?

BROKELY.—Yes. Tell it to hurry up.



MOTION FOR A STAY OF PROCEEDINGS.



AS NOVELISTS SAY.

"He was a tall, dark, dashing young man."

Other people's clouds are the ones in which we are quickest to discern the silver lining.

PUCK



EXCUSE À LA AFRICA.

INDIGNANT OLD LADY.—You wicked, wicked boy! Aren't you ashamed of yourself, slaughtering those innocent birds?
BOY.—I ain't slaughterin' 'em, lady! I'm out gettin' specimens for de Smit'sonian Institoot.

A WANDER SONG.



I WANT to go back to the far, far places,
(Wherever they are—I'll be banged if I know!)
To the open road and the desert spaces.
(That line sounds good, and it ought to "go.")
The East is calling with voices tender;
(Though I've never been East of Brooklyn town.)
The Wild West lures with its purple splendor;
(I have n't been West, but I'll write it down!)

"Comrade, return," come the rovers' voices,
(Can a fellow return where he's never been?)
"To the trail which ever the heart rejoices:
(I'd rather live in a twelve-by-ten.)
The broad sea calls with a crash of thunder;
(I've heard it thunder at Coney Isle.)
I feel the thrall of an ancient wonder;
(I wonder if editors like this style?)

The call is stronger than all resistance
(But not so strong that it's got me yet),
So I'll have done with this pent existence
(But not while my salary's safe, you bet!)
I'm sick of the city's selfish clamor
(Yet hardly so ill that it gives me pain),
And I'm off afoot to the lands of glamour!
(No, thanks, I'll ride on a Pullman train.)

Berton Braley.

RISK.

HOUSTON.—The French may now buy our stocks on their Bourse.
MULBERRY.—They would find it safer to marry them, as usual.

CHECKMATED.

"So you did n't take any part in the campaign, Uncle Silas?" "Naw. Jim Higgins, the school-teacher, and Eb Miller, the lawyer, gobbled up 'Vox Populi' and 'Unum ex Fluribus' right at the start, and with them two nomderplums gone, and nobody in town knowin' any more Latin, the rest of us fellers could n't do any writin' for the public press at all, by gum!"

SERIAL.

THE PRESSES, thundering to print the million copies of the current number, could not drown the clamor of the mob that besieged the doors.

"Advance proofs of that thrilling, big new serial!" roared a thousand voices, hoarsely menacing.

The editor had no thought of yielding—he was pale, but resolute. And then, all at once, a strange impulse seized him. He rose and went to the window, and beheld from thence women and children dying of curiosity in the street below!

"Great God!" he cried, starting back, and now pity commanded what fear could not extort. He sprang to the composing-room and hurried back with an armful of proofs, which he threw out.

"What is business, as against the dictates of humanity!" he muttered, his heart warming at sight of the people's profound relief.



KEEPING IT UP.

VISITOR (in canning factory).—What are you kicking that pineapple around for?

EMPLOYEE.—I'm trying to get it up on that table so we can put it into the cans.

VISITOR.—Of all the foolishness! Why on earth don't you pick it up?

EMPLOYEE.—Never. It's against the rules. We'd lose our fifty years' standard of purity. If you ever read our advertisements you must know that none of our products are touched by hand from the time they enter the factory until they are opened on your kitchen table.

A SLAM AT BRIDGE.

HOSTESS.—How do you like your coffee, Mr. Bridge-Fiend?

MR. BRIDGE-FIEND.—Simple honors in sugar and a chicane in cream, please.



CAPTAIN KID.

PUCK



SANDPIPERS.

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

STILLMAN came down to the office a little late, but the expression on his face bore evidence that something of a pleasing nature had taken place.

"Increase in family?" ventured Coleman, with his knowledge all air.

"Well, something of the kind," said Stillman cheerily.

"What is it, a girl?"

"Guessed right the first time, did n't you?" was the reply.

"A bouncer, I suppose?"

"Yes, fairly good-sized. Above the average, I should say."

"Of course. Arrived all safe and sound, eh?" persisted the youth, for he felt that he had an interested audience with him.

"Oh, yes."

"Wife pleased? Just the article she wanted, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

"Suppose you'd rather it had been a boy, had n't you?"

"Hardly."

"Glad you're pleased. And the cigars, when do we get 'em?"

"Cigars? What cigars?"

"Why, did n't you say you had an increase in the family?"

"Well, yes, something of the sort, but not exactly the kind of

an increase you are figuring on. You see, I've just succeeded in engaging a cook. . . . And say, Coleman, when you bring around those cigars, I'll have one."

Lewis Alvin.

THE PESSIMIST.

WE KNOCK the pessimist at times,
Because in gloom he glories;
But here's a boost—he never tries
To tell us funny stories.

ESSENCE OF SPORT.

HOW DOES your husband manage in the winter when the automobile season is over?"

"Fine. He takes up bowling and tries to kill the pin-boys!"

THE MUSES.

THE literary Muses carried each of them a pastepot and brush.

"Our chief business nowadays," they hastened to explain, "is gluing readers' attention to various things!"

And not, perhaps, without a note of restrained sorrow that they should have come to this.



NOT ALL HAY IS MADE WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

YOU ARE the editor?"

The lady who asked the question was tall and severe of mien. She had an aquiline nose and a loftiness of manner that made even an editor of twenty years' standing feel a trifle servile under the piercing gaze of her cold gray eye.

"Yes, I am the editor. Can I—"

"And you sent me back my story—you! I want you to understand that I have a line of ancestry as ancient as that of any lady in the land, and you sent my story back to me! I can trace my ancestry right back to the *Mayflower* and beyond it. The Stuarts of Scotland, the DeMaury's of—"

"But, madam, I fail to see—"

"Refrain from addressing me, sir! I have the right to be a Daughter of the American Revolution on both my father's and my mother's side of the house! And one of my ancestors was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence, and the bluest blood of New England is in my veins, and yet you sent my story back! My father's grandfather was—"

"But, madam, I have—"

"There is not a blot nor a blemish on the name I bear, sir! It stands for all that is most exclusive and noble. The De Percys of Virginia, the Montmorencies of England, the Kensingtons of Kentucky, the St. Clairs of New England—I am directly or distantly related to all of them, and yet you had the audacity to return to me a story I lowered myself in my own esteem by sending to you—a story that the most competent literary critics told me was so much better than anything you had ever published that they wondered that I thought of permitting you to even read it, and yet—"

"Let me tell you that—"

"You may well sue for pardon. If my honored brother, the late Major De Witt Frothingham, were alive to resent the insult offered to his sister and to our family by—yes, to our family, for the spirit of loyalty is so strong in our family that an insult offered to



THE MOTOR-BOAT IN FLORIDA.

Clementina Ethelweld Ethelbert Sylvester, who was related to my father's family, and I can show you in my home a silver tea-urn that Madame Eugenia Elizabeth—"

"This has nothing to do with your story, my dear mad—"

"It has everything to do with the insult offered to me in the returning of my story. No less than five of my ancestors were known in the literary world, and yet you have the audacity to— Sir, I shall retire and communicate with the Hon. Ellsworth Etherington, my second cousin, and you will hear from him.

M. W.

OUR NOVELS.

OUR novels are usually much ado about nothing. The ado is well done, on the whole, but still it's about nothing.

The people in them are n't so atrociously bad, only they do make themselves seem rather unreal by the seriousness with which they take the tangled web we weave when we practice to write a seller.

When nature is too much for

us, we hold the mirror up to a species of super-nature, conceiving demigods of lath and plaster, and making material of their queer loves and hates and hopes and fears. That is tolerably safe ground, because nobody understands the psychology of demigods, and one man's guess is as good as another.

R. B.

A SQUARE DEAL.

Arthur gave Marie a kiss,
To She
keep promptly
it give it
seemed back
unfair; again—
Marie is on the square.

A VERY BAD ELEMENT.

WILLIE.—This paper says that people who pursue a high-handed course ought to be punished. What kind of a course is that, pa?

PA.—It's the system a man plays on when he won't bet on anything less than a royal flush or four of a kind. The paper is right, my son; it is just such lukewarm sports that are killing the great American game.



THE POOR MAN'S CLUB.

WHY NOT EQUIP IT WITH A CLUB WINDOW?



BOYS OF 76.

"Good authority" is 'most anybody who is so fortunate as to have stated what we wish to believe.



THE PUCK PRESS

THE NATIONAL
IF YOU HAVEN'T ANY MONEY, YOU



TIONAL CHAPERONE.
Y MONEY, YOU NEEDN'T COME AROUND.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE SOUVENIR POST-CARDS.

By MRS. MARGARET BANGSTER.

WHAT SHALL we do with the souvenir post-cards? This vital question is being daily asked by nearly every man, woman, and child throughout the country. Mother, father, sister, brother, cousin, aunt, uncle, friend, enemy—each in turn, whether he travel near or far, to Brooklyn or to Africa, has caused the post-cards to flow back until now they have accrued beyond control.



REVISED CEREMONY.

THE RECTOR.—Do you, Henry, take this woman for your wedded wife? Will you love her, comfort her, and hook her up?

The album was full long ago, the shoe-box in which you used to keep them has become inadequate, and the parlor table is overflowing with the messages and scenic views. Hence comes the question: What shall we do with the souvenir post-cards?

Fortunately, the Government has stipulated that all souvenir postals be one size, which eliminates confusion in this regard, and somewhat facilitates their disposal. But the cards may be divided into several classes. There are the leather cards, the burnt-wood cards, and last, but not least, the common lithographed cards.

These latter, being greatest in number, should be attacked first. These cards should be bundled in stacks two or three inches high. In this form they are an efficient substitute for building brick, and may satisfactorily be used in the construction of an addition to the house, a woodshed, or a small barn. The average family will have accumulated enough of the ordinary lithographed cards to build all three. If a few of these

bundles remain over, the cards, cut in half, may conveniently be used to place under the legs of tables and chairs, in case the furniture is too low, and it is desired to raise it from the floor. Cut up into shreds, and covered with mayonnaise sauce, the cards make a delicious salad, which would be especially appropriate to serve at post-card parties, which Mrs. Bangster will discuss in a future issue.

To prepare the tinselled cards for use, with a pair of shears cut from each card that portion which contains the tinsel. When you have thus secured all the tinselled portions, paste them close together on a piece of tough wrapping-paper. This makes a first-class sand-paper, which will be found very handy when there are jobs of painting or carpentry to be done about the house.

The burnt-wood post-cards are adaptable to many uses. Cut into splinters with a jackknife, they make excellent toothpicks. Sawed in two, length-



THAT SUDDEN CHILL.

PERCY POLARBEAR.—Please, Pa, can't I go in for a swim?

MR. POLARBEAR.—Just let me catch you! Don't you know you should avoid ice-water during the summer?

wise, they may be used in place of lath for any kind of a frame building. For starting fires, either furnace, range, or grate, these cards serve most efficiently. We find that the men of the house are always very willing to start the fires when these souvenir cards are given them as fuel.

The leather cards, when cut into strips about an inch wide, and sewed end on end, make good leather stock for the construction of harnesses, trunk-straps, hammock supports, belts, etc. It has been calculated that about ten thousand of these cards are sufficient to make a complete pony harness, two trunk-straps, a hammock support, and a belt for either a lady or gentleman. So these things may now be secured for any home with no expense. Scraps

of the leather remaining, "left-over," stewed, par-boiled and well seasoned, make a most delicious Worcestershire sauce.

Don Kahn.



SUMMER CORRESPONDENCE ILLUSTRATED LITERALLY.

"WE HAVE COME TO A PERFECTLY HEAVENLY PLACE."

THEN.

"I'M SURE I don't know why they call this hotel The Palms. Do you? I've never seen a palm anywhere near the place."

"You'll see them before you go. It's a pleasant little surprise the waiters keep for the guests on the last day of their stay."

Rubaiyat of the Dietist.



WAKE! for the sun, with Ben Franklin frown,
Has uppercut the highest roof in town.
Arise! jump out upon the cheerless floor,
And take the morning bath, and then rub down.

While yet I warmed with exercisial heat
Meheard a voice solicitous repeat:
"The Breakfast Food is getting cold as ice;
Why don't you hurry and come down and eat?"

And as they thundered on the chamber door
I said: "I've told you fifty times before
That Breakfast Food is caviare to me —
I am not eating breakfast any more."

Eat! If the Mind Unbreakfasted promotes
All sorts of clever thinking, and just dotes
On doing mental jobs, were't not a shame
To clog its workings up with Grandpa's Oats?

As lately with a dietetic rake
I lingered in the lunch-room to partake
Of Necessary Nourishment — Behold!
The waiter came and handed us a steak.

The Steak! the Family Doctor's partner, viz.:
The Steak, the Mother of the Rheumatiz
And Gout, and every other old disease
That puts the Ignorati out of biz.

"Yet Cream," say some, "or Cheese, or Milk, at least,
Is needful for the Health-Foodarian feast:"
Give me some Peas and Beans and Garden Sass,
And darn the old Unsanitary Beast.

Some Peanut Butter from a leafy cow,
Six Dates, a dab of Olive Oil, and Thou
Beside me Fletcherizing Uncooked Bread,
And that's what I call Solid Comfort now.

One day (an ever-memorable date)
I found the place where Horace Fletcher ate;
And when I asked: "What is the secret, Hod?"
He said: "'T is Masticate and Masticate.

"Some from the Stack of Buckwheat Cakes are barred,
And others cannot eat things Cooked in Lard;
Ridiculous! Just get an appetite,
Then pick out what you like and chew it hard!"

Ah, Horace Fletcher, just supposing you
Could organize the eats of life anew, —
Would you not hale the clubman from his grill,
And make him earn his chowder with his chew?

Reader, think not the Dietist who knows
Will let Youth's manuscript come to a close,
Nay, even as all youthful MSS.,
His will run *ad infinitum* like those.

So, Thoughtless Eater, when you get to be
Decrepit at the age of eighty-three, —
You'll see a Lithe Old Gentleman at golf,
Or running Marathons, and he'll be Me.

Horatio Winslow.

THE TROUBLE WITH TROUBLES.

TO ACQUIRE a set of troubles seems to be an easy matter. Apparently they come to us without our half trying; and it is this ease in getting them that oftentimes fools us. We let them do all the work. We take them in and give them food and shelter, and support them as best we can, but scarcely ever without complaining. Sometimes they get the best of us entirely, and we go about complaining that there is no living with them.

Now, the main trouble with our troubles is that we do not use our opportunities in selecting them. We assume that we have no voice in the matter, and allow them to bully us into believing that they have a right to be with us. No doubt this is true; but at least it is in our power to select them, and it is in this selection that comfort should lie.

Most of our troubles are too much alike. There is a sameness about them that is the cause of our unhappiness. What we should do is to select such a variety of troubles that they will offset each other. Thus, we may if we like become a sort of clearing-house, doing a large and lucrative business in troubles, and yet, when the day's work is over, carrying over only a small balance to Loss and Gain. The moment that a new trouble arrives on the scene, and marks us out as its headquarters, we should immediately look over the field for another trouble that will undoubtedly neutralize its effect.

The value of such an arrangement is at once apparent: If a set of troubles, all bearing the same characteristics, starts in to worry us to death, we can never become too much absorbed in them. We must be courteous to the other and entirely different set. Thus we keep our balance, through that variety which is always the spice of a well-ordered life.

T. L. M.



THE LOCAL EXPERT.

SUMMER BOARDER (just arrived from Boston).—What are the six best sellers in this locality?

FARMER STUBBLEGRASS.—That depends on whether you want to store pertaters or cider in 'em.



SUGGESTED BY THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACES.

FATHER (rhythmically).—Chew! Chew! Harder, Seven! Don't swallow yet, Six! Chew! Chew! Watch papa, Two! Altogether, Three! No dyspepsia for us! Steady! Strong! Just ten more bites! Chew!

The devil has only to be a poor devil and he'll pass for an honest man with the most of us.

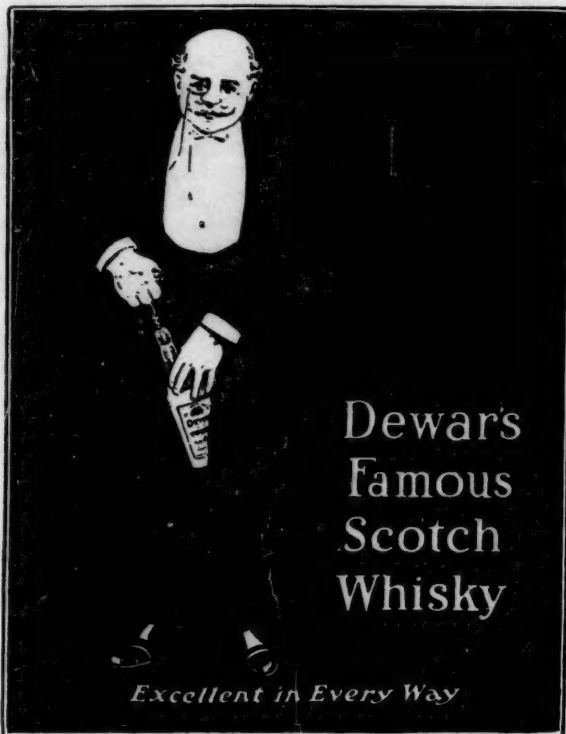
MODERN EDUCATION.

"Johnny is having trouble in preparing his lessons to-day."
 "How's that?"
 "The teacher says he must bring six grasshoppers to school to-morrow, and grasshoppers are scarce."—*Washington Herald*.

WAR.

MRS. CHURCH.—You say she was a war correspondent?
 MRS. GOTHAM.—Yes; she was secretary of a woman's club! — *Yonkers Statesman*.

"WATCHMAN, What of the Night?" was the subject of William J. Bryan's recent speech at Columbus, Ohio. And Miss Democracy answers: "The Night is Dark, and I Am Far from Home. You Led Me On."—*Boston Traveler*.



PUCK PROOFS

Photogravures from PUCK

Copyright, 1908, by Kappeler & Schwarzmann



THE FIRST AFFINITY.

By Carl Hassmann.

Photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 3/4 in.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Trade Supplied by the Gubelman Publishing Co., 801 Third Avenue, New York.



Owing to the many requests from our patrons for a larger size print of
 "THE FIRST AFFINITY,"
 we now have on sale a handsome
 photogravure in Carbon Black,
 13 x 19 3/4 in.

Price One Dollar,
 postage paid.



Address PUCK,

295 to 309 Lafayette St., New York



BROMO~SELTZER

CURES
 HEADACHES

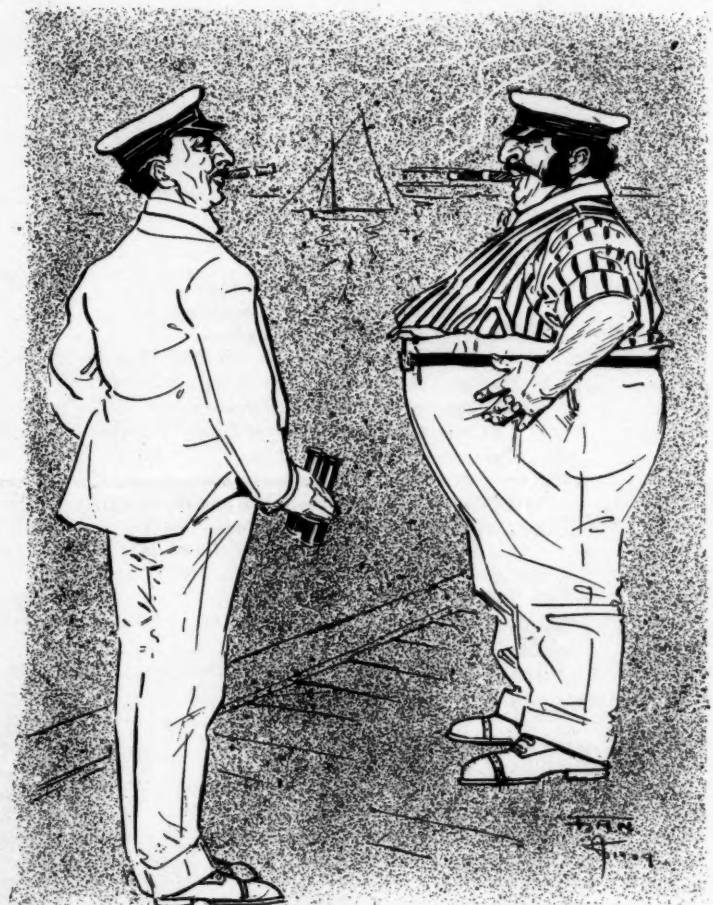
10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

TWO MISSES.

"Now that you're living in the country," said Cityman, "don't you miss the early morning noise and bustle of the city?"

"I do," replied Subbubs, "if I miss the 7:10 train."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

THE Anarchist was examining the new infernal machine. "The fellow who made this did a pretty bomb job," he remarked, and the shell exploded with laughter.—*Harvard Lampoon*.



A BAD BREAK.

MEIER.—Vat? Cohenstein tried to bribe der Regatta Committee?

BARGAINBAUM.—Dot's vot dey say. His boat, der *Discount*, had to gif der others ten minutes in der fifteen-mile race, und Cohenstein asked der chairman of der committee would he take ten off for cash?

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
 Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your
 getting the very best.

SING A SONG OF \$TELLA.

See \$weet \$tella and her hat; Directoire gown, and all of that. I \$ n't \$he a win\$ome \$prite? I \$ n't \$he a goodly \$ight? \$tella, \$tella, fond and true; expen\$ive, but we mu\$t have you.—*Washington Herald*.

FIGURATIVELY SPEAKING.

"That girl's graduation essay shows remarkable maturity of thought."
 "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "she looks like sweet sixteen, but she writes like sixty."—*Washington Star*.

HE (*just rejected*).—I shall never marry now.

SHE.—Foolish man! Why not?

HE.—If you won't have me, who will?—*Boston Transcript*.

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE

HIGH LIFE BEER

MILLER-MILWAUKEE

A GOOD GUESSER.

Berkowitz and Sternberg, traveling salesmen, met on the train.
 "I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"
 "How should I know?" replied Sternberg.
 "Of course you don't know, but what do you guess?"
 "Oh, about half."
 "Half of what?"
 "Why, half what you say."—*Everybody's*.

A GOOD PLACE.

"Young man, you are well preserved; you ought to live to a good old age."
 "I was canned at Stanford, Doc."
 —*Stanford Chapparral*.

ON THE DIAMOND.

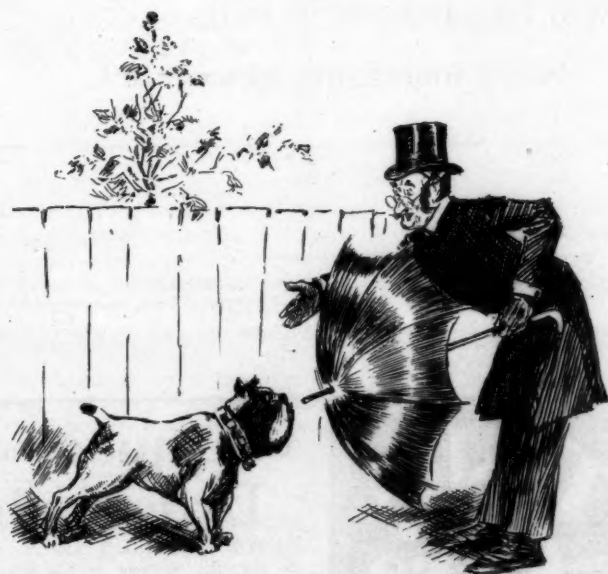
CATCHER.—Here comes a spit-ball.
 BATTER.—Well, watch me lace it.
 CATCHER.—It don't need lacin'.
 BATTER.—It will when I'm through with it.—*Columbia Jester*.

EXTINCT.

TEACHER.—Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.
 LITTLE BESSIE.—Dick.
 TEACHER.—What sort of a bird is that?
 LITTLE BESSIE.—Our canary. The cat extincted him.—*The Presbyterian*.

"YOUR hair wants cutting badly, sir," said a barber to a customer.
 "No, it does n't," replied the man in the chair; "it wants cutting nicely. You cut it badly last time."—*Democratic Telegram*.

"It is the duty of every man and woman to be married at the age of twenty-two," said the lecturer.
 "Well," said the old girl of thirty, with some asperity, "you need n't tell me that. Talk to the man."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

AMATEUR HYPNOTIST (with some trepidation).—L-lie d-down, s-s sir! You are not a d-d-dog at all; you are a m-m-maltese k-k-kitten.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
 "Its Purity Has Made It Famous."
 50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.

THREE CHANCES.

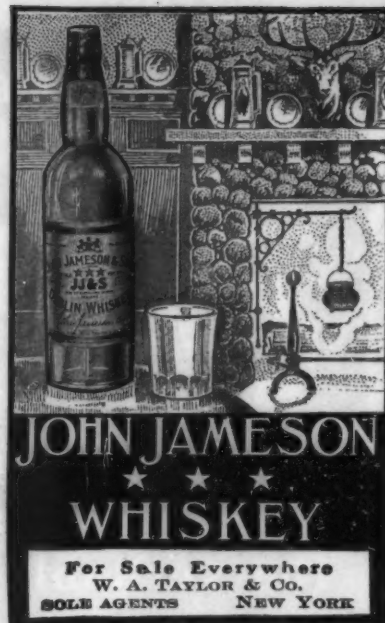
"Baltimore has three saloons to one policeman."
 "That gives you three guesses as to where the policeman is."—*Princeton Tiger*.

NATURAL AFFINITIES.

"There seems to be a strange affinity between a Negro and a chicken."
 "Naturally. One is descended from Ham and the other from eggs."—*Kansas City Journal*.

"TAKE the strawberries away."
 "What's the matter with them?"
 "They're green. Why, man, my wife wears better ones on her hat!"—*Ex*.

"ISN'T it a shame to keep those poor lions caged?"
 "Madam," answered the keeper at the Zoo, "they're much happier and safer than they would be roaming the African jungles."—*Washington Star*.



SPECTATOR.—Why don't they begin the duel?
 "They are waiting for the photographer."—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

FATHER (carving turkey).—Which will you have, my boy, dark or light?
 ABSENT-MINDED ONE.—Piel, thank you.—*Princeton Tiger*.

TEACHER (sternly).—Willie Waffles, you were late this morning.
 WILLIE WAFFLES (blushing).—Yes'm. I had to get up in the night and go for the doctor.
 TEACHER.—Well, Willie, I will excuse you this time, but I hope it will never happen again.
 WILLIE.—That's what my father said!—*Truth*.

Williams' Shaving Soap

"The kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

What most men continue to believe in is pretty sure to be right. Most men are life-long users of Williams' Shaving Soap.

Mailed by us postpaid on receipt of 25c., if your druggist fails to supply you. Trial size (enough for fifty shaves) sent postpaid for 4c. in stamps.
 THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
 Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.



Nickeled
 Box
 Hinged
 Top

BUNNER'S Short Stories



H. C. Bunner

SHORT SIXES

They will delight all sorts and conditions of readers.
 —*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

The Runaway Browns

Will bring more than one hearty laugh even from those unused to smile. —*N., P. & S. Bulletin*.

Made in France

Though the creations are De Maupassant's the style is Bunner's, and we are well acquainted with that quaint humor and originality. —*Detroit Free Press*.

More Short Sixes

You smile over their delicious absurdities, perhaps, but never roar because they are "awfully funny." —*Boston Times*.

The Suburban Sage

Mr. Bunner in the present volume writes in his most happy mood. —*Boston Times*.

Five Volumes, in Cloth, - \$5.00

or separately:

Per Volume, - 1.00

For sale by all Booksellers, or by mail from the Publishers on receipt of price.

Address:
 PUCK, New York.

First aid to the host.
Fine at meal time
—all times.

BLATZ
BEER
MILWAUKEE

The one notable
achievement in brewing.

The veritable fulfillment of
beer character, quality and
healthfulness.

Always the same
Good Old Blatz.

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe or Buffet.
Insist on "Blatz."

Correspondence invited direct

VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Write the VAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., mentioning this paper, for their
interesting booklet entitled: "A Genial Philosopher."

You can tell
a Blatz
Bottle a
block
away!



THE SONG OF THE MOTORIST.

Oh, I am an Auto-mo-bil-ist,
And I sail the bounding pike,
I give my high-gear'd wheels a twist
And go wherever I like.
I bound along o'er the country roads,
Past fresh green fields and farms,
And with what joy my heart explodes
As I breast the thank-you-marms.

I strew the way with butter and eggs
When I hit a grocer's cart,
And once in a while a grocer's legs
And the grocer come apart.
To smash bang into a load of hay,
And scatter it left and right,
With a Yeave-ho-ho and Tara-di-ay,
Is a source of sheer delight.

No care have I of the sort that chills
The man who is soon to "bust."
Whenever I note my unpaid bills
I go out and raise the dust.
I raise it here and I raise it there
Till it reaches the spreading skies,
And I find enough, and plenty more,
To throw in my creditors' eyes.

So it's Ho for my trusty Automobile
And Hi for my bounding pike!
Let others rave over the horse and wheel—
The tame and the arduous bike.
Let others rave o'er the brigantine
That plows through the realm of the
conch,
It's for me the car of gasoline
With its glorious Honk-honk-honk!
—Washington Times.

1912.—Does he really take hold of
his work?

1911.—Probably. You see, he's a
tutor for a nineteen-year-old girl. —
Harvard Lampoon.

Club Cocktails A Bottled Delight

The difference between CLUB
COCKTAILS and the guess-
work kind, is just the differ-
ence between a real drink and
an imitation. Get CLUB
COCKTAILS from your dealer.

Martini (gin base)
Manhattan (whis-
key base) are
always popular.

G. F. HEUBLEIN
& BRO.
Hartford New York
London



BARBERS' GUIDE. Secrets for all. How to get
tips and big jobs from customers.
The secret of honing. How to take advantage of the long
hours. How to be the favorite barber and a money getter in any shop
you work or manage. How to increase your trade. Why barbers
become discouraged with the trade, etc. Particulars free.
W. J. WINTERS, 828 North Avenue, Chicago, Ill.



INTELLECTUAL REPARTEE.

MR. BILLOW.—Now, don't get in beyond your depth, my dear
Mrs. Beacon-Streete.

MRS. BEACON-STREETE.—That is not likely, Mr. Billow. You
know I come from Boston.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that
Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; it insures your
getting the very best.

FROM HER VIEWPOINT.

STOUT LADY (in theatre, to youth who has asked her to remove her hat.)—
Sit still. The play is n't fit for a boy like you to see!—*Fliegende Blätter.*

GOUT & RHEUMATISM
USE THE
GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, SURE, EFFECTIVE. 50c & \$1
DRUGGISTS.
OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.



HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
28, 30 and 32 Bleeker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 30 Beekman Street. NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order

PEARS'

Don't simply "get a cake of
soap." Get *good* soap. Ask
for Pears' and you have pure
soap. Then bathing will mean
more than mere cleanliness; it
will be a luxury at trifling cost.

Sales increasing since 1789.

TOO UNCERTAIN.

The traveling salesman had looked at Mrs. Dolan's third-floor-back, and
found it neat and attractive. "I'll take it for two months," he said, "and I
always pay as I go. I suppose that will suit you?"

"It will not," said Mrs. Dolan, firmly. "There's times I'm not in the
house when folks goes; they're liable to be called off sudden when I'm out
o' the way. My boarders pays when they come—or else they don't come."—
Youth's Companion.

**THE Keeley
Cure**

for Liquor and Drug Using

A scientific remedy which has been
skillfully and successfully administered by
medical specialists for the past 29 years.

At the following Keeley Institutes:

Hot Springs, Ark.
Beaver, Col.
West Haven, Conn.
Washington, D. C.
311 N. Capitol St.

Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Plainfield, Ind.
Des Moines, Ia.
Cedar Orchard, Ky.
Lexington, Mass.

Portland, Me.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
255 S. College Ave.
Kansas City, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Manchester, N. H.

Raffale, N. Y.
White Plains, N. Y.
Columbus, Ohio.
Portland, Oregon.
Philadelphia, Pa.
312 N. Broad St.

Pittsburg, Pa.
4246 Fifth Ave.
Providence, R. I.
Toronto, Ont., Canada.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
London, England.

REST, RELIEF, RECREATION

cause thousands to retreat to purer, life-giving air in sound of the breakers or the rustling leaves of mountain groves. These are the scenes of health and hospitality, where



HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE



An Absolutely Pure Whiskey, brings cheer and comfort to those who wisely provide it.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HONEST PA.

"Pa!"

"What now, Johnny?"

"When you was in the war, did you fight all the time?"

"No, Johnny. We had to stop every now and then to borrow tobacco of each other!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE DRAMA.

ACTRESS.—How's your new show getting on?

SALL OMIE.—Had the first undress rehearsal to-day.—*Purple Cow*.



SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we'll send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

HIS TRIP TO SEA.

A boy told one of his playmates he was getting ready to run away to sea. Several months afterward the boys met and the playmate wanted to know if the other had been at sea.

"Yes," was the reply; "I was found out, and went on a whaling expedition with father."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

AUTHORITATIVE.

"I suppose it's because she's a sewing-school teacher.

"What?"

"That when she addresses her class she always starts out with a big hem."

—*Kansas City Times*.

Oh, soon the bold joy-rider
Will invite his bestest girl,
And in the borrowed airship on the swinging
seat beside her,
Through the realms of upper darkness
will enjoy a starry whirl.
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

MARY GARDEN ABROAD.

PATIENCE.—I see Salome has gone to Europe, and taken 18 trunks with her.

PATRICE.—She'll have a lot of duty to pay.

"Why?"

"Because persons always have to pay duty on clothes they haven't worn."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—All the boys who want to go to Heaven will please rise.

WILLIE GREEN.—Why, teacher—excuse me—but that's the only way they can go to Heaven!—*Bohemian Magazine*.

HIS DOCUMENTS.

"I like you, Fred.
I like your looks;
But you've never read"—
And she shook her head—
"Five feet of books!"

"Mere bookish lore,
My dearest Pearl,"
Said Fred, "is a bore!
But I do adore
Five feet of girl!"
—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE DEATH OF GAMING.

"All gambling must be stopped within the jurisdiction of this court," thundered the Judge.

"Bet you a fiver it can't be done!" said the District Attorney.

"Put up your money!" said the Judge, reaching for his roll.—*Public Ledger*.

Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL
**The Dainty
Mint Covered
Candy Coated
Chewing Gum**
Particularly Desirable
after Dinner

BETTER—STRONGER

More lasting in flavor than any other.

A try—a test—Goodbye to the rest!

Sold in 5¢, 10¢ and 25¢ packets
by Frank H. Neer & Co. Inc.
Philadelphia, U.S.A. and Toronto, Can.



INCREDIBLE.

"What is there remarkable about Miss Van Dyne's ancestors?"

"None of them who fought in the Revolution was an officer."

PHILIP MORRIS ORIGINAL LONDON CIGARETTES.

Few kinds have
lived as long—none
will live longer

CAMBRIDGE 25c
regular size

AMBASSADOR 35c
after-dinner size

"The Little Brown Box"

RARE BIRDS.

A graduate of an Eastern law-school wrote to a prominent lawyer in Arkansas to find out what chance there would be for him in that part of the country.

"I am a Republican in politics," he wrote, "and an honest young lawyer."

"If you are an honest lawyer," came the reply, "you will have no competition, and if you are a Republican the game-laws will protect you."—*Everybody's*.

TEACHER.—Johnny, what is the meaning of the word "procrastinate?"

PUPIL.—To put off.

TEACHER.—Right. Use it in an original sense.

PUPIL.—The brakeman procrastinated the tramp from the train.—*Cleveland Leader*.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

After Shaving.
Insist that your barber use Mennen's Toilet Powder after he shaves you. It is Antiseptic, and will prevent any of the skin diseases often contracted. A positive relief for Prickly Heat. Chafing and Sunburn, and all afflictions of the skin. Removes all odor of perspiration. Get Mennen's—the original. Sold everywhere, or mailed for 25 cents. Sample free.
GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

APPLIED TO THE MOTOR.

TEACHER.—What do you mean by the "quick and the dead"?

BOY.—Well, the quick get out of the way of the motor-cars, and the dead don't.—*Lippincott's*.

WATCHFUL MOTHER.—Beryl, are young Mr. Ketchley's intentions serious?

CHARMING DAUGHTER.—They are, but he does n't know it yet.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Shine on!
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, but the polish
Bar Keeper's Friend
Just, it will shine on! It benefits all metals, minerals and wood while cleaning them. See 1 lb. box. For sale by drug stores and dealers. Send 2¢ stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 205 E. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.



THE PUCK PRESS

AS USUAL.

The animals were passing into the Ark, when suddenly a hitch in the proceedings occurred. The procession halted.
 "What's the trouble in there?" demanded Noah, from the bank.
 "Both of the hogs insist upon having the end seat," replied Ham, from the gangway.

PUCK